

THE BAPTIST RECORD.

Integrity, and Fidelity to the Cause of Christ.

VOLUME 10.

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BAPTIST RECORD.

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Address everything to

BAPTIST RECORD,

Jackson, Miss.

POETRY.

PARTING.

BY MRS. E. R. DUNBAR.

As we stand by the silent, shadowy shore,
When the boatman watcheth near
To bear some loved one o'er,
Our faith may hear
The music that falleth across the tide,
Or behold the light on the farther side.

We may see the face of the loved one glow
With a beauty strangely bright,
And mist to sunshine grow,
And waves alight,
Till warm and clear on the chilly way,
Has dawned the morn of eternal day.

We may see the distant shimmering land,
The palms, the green, the gold,
The tearless white-robed band,
The love untold,
And the sad adieu loses half its pain,
As the hands unclasp to be clasped again.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE FURTHER PUBLICATION OF KIND WORDS.

REO. EDITORS: Permit me, through the medium of your columns, to inform your readers of the action of taken by the Home Board, in accordance with the suggestion of the Southern Baptist Convention in the report on *Kind Words*, adopted at its session in Augusta, last May. Alluding to Northern and Western Sunday-School publication houses the report says:

"Whether we can under present circumstances, compete with these houses in these respects, is a question to be determined. On some accounts it may be well to make the experiment. We only speak what we feel when we say that as one man can supply the demands of this service, we must have something adapted to all stages of mental and moral development—a graded series, reaching from our infant classes to mature age. In view of the early expiration of the contract for the publication of *Kind Words*, we suggest to the Home Board to mature some plan by which these growing demands may be met. With Rev. Samuel Boykin as chief Editor, supported by such talent as can be found in our midst, this paper would meet all the demands of the case, and none of your people would look either North or West for any Sabbath-school literature."

To the suggestions of the report, as adopted, the Home Board gave

earnest consideration, especially mindful of the statement of the report that, "The very best writers of our denomination are needed to supply, in adequate measure, what is now needed," and that, "If, therefore, we expect to meet these varied demands we must materially increase the facilities for producing this literature." It, therefore, solicited proposals for the accomplishment of these objects, being fully convinced that it was the duty of the Board and Convention, if possible, to supply the Sunday-school needs of its constituents. Of several proposals received, the Board accepted that made by Brother H. H. Cabanis, of Atlanta, Georgia, and has made and confirmed, with him, a contract for five years, by which he agrees to publish the several editions of the *Kind Words*, in first class style, and, also to bring out by or before October next, a full grade of *Quarterlies*, three in number, and a *Magazine for teachers*. In the production of these publications the best talent and the most sanctified intellect of our denomination will be employed. Their style and appearance are to be equal to any published and Bro. Cabanis is a well-known Baptist and possesses publication facilities equal to any in the South, and is animated by a sincere desire to meet the wants of our Southern Baptist Sunday-schools, we feel confident that he will do so. While he engages to pay our treasury an annual royalty of one thousand dollars, the Board has contracted to give its strongest moral support and active exertions in behalf of the publications as well as sustaining countenance of the Southern Baptist Convention. In behalf of the Board, I bespeak for the new publisher that will assume the publication of our Sunday-school periodicals on the First of June Next, the general and hearty support of the Baptist Sunday-schools in the South.

All communications should be addressed and remittances sent to *Kind Words*, Atlanta, Ga.

I. T. TRIMBOR,

Corresponding Secretary.

While feeling an interest in everything Southern, we have not believed that *Kind Words* was meeting the wants of our schools. And what made it worse was the obvious fact that the failure was sending our best schools elsewhere for their literature. This meant the final overthrow of our home paper. Seeing things this way, we have been willing to see our entire Sunday-School publication interest turned over to the American Baptist Publication Society. But we are pleased with the above announcement, one thing excepted. The paper should pay no royalty. Every dollar it can make at least for years to come should be put on the paper. It will need it all to compete with its powerful Northern rivals.

HAMBURG.

I have asked Bethlehem church for \$20 for the Convention Board. A part of it has been paid in, and I hope to raise it all, and more, by the meeting of the Convention. Miss Fannie Griffling, of Hamburg, has promised to assist in getting it up, and I think she will know no such word as fail. Brethren say that I must go to the Convention. I tell them to make a contribution that will not embarrass me and I will go. Eld. Trevillion preached for us last Sunday. He thinks we are going to have a revival. I have been meeting with encouragement at my school house appointments. At one place every person present promised to try to live nearer to God, and do what they could for the advancement of his cause and the honor of his name. At the other two I think about three fourths of the congregation present made the same promise. I find families with no Bibles and no religious books, nor papers to read. Several have promised to subscribe for the BAPTIST RECORD as soon as practicable. Pray for us.

Yours truly,

T. M. ELLERBE.

CLINTON, MISS.

There are several young ministers here in College who are anxious to enter the Seminary at Louisville, next fall. They think they will be better fitted for their Seminary training and for their future life work by spending their summer vacation in preaching than in any other way. If there are any pastors, therefore, who would like to have the aid of these young men in protracted meetings during the summer months, I would like to correspond with them. I would also be glad to hear from churches that are destitute of pastors and that would be glad to secure a supply for a few months during the summer. You can help yourselves, brethren, by giving these young men opportunity to work for the Master.

W. S. WEBB.

MINUTES.

I need minutes of the following Associations. If you have one of your body please send it to me immediately.

Bethlehem	Salem
Calhoun	Springfield
Chickasaw	Sunder
Coldwater	Tishomingo
Columbus	Tombigbee
Deer Creek	Union
Ebenezer	West Pearl
Gulf Coast	Yazoo
Harmony	Zion
Hobolochitto	Kosciusko
Liberty	Mississippi
Miss. River	Mt. Pisgale
Mt. Olive	Pearl River
Red Creek	

H. F. SPROLES,

Cor. Sec.

SIXTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF THE SHUQUALAK FEMALE COLLEGE.

May 30th 11 a. m. Sermon by Rev. A. J. Miller, of Aberdeen, May 31st 8 p. m. Carthagenics. Review and Recitation, June 1st, 10 a. m. Society Celebration. Literary Address by Hon. Clark Lewis, of Noxubee. June 1st, 8 p. m. Annual Concert. June 2nd 10 a. m. Graduation. Baccalaureate by Hon. Wiley N. Nash, of Starkville. June 2nd 8 p. m. *Alumnae Reunion*. Essay by Miss E. A. Simpson. A general invitation cordially given.

L. M. STONE, President.

NOTES FROM BLUE MOUNTAIN.

Our meeting closed grandly. Bro. J. S. Berry was with us during the first week and preached simply and powerfully. The meeting resulted finally in thirty-four professions of conversion, thirty-one additions to the church, twenty-seven baptisms. The meeting swept both schools. Out of sixty-five boarding pupils now in attendance at the college there is but one who does not profess a hope in Christ, and that one is a little girl only eleven years old. Every unconverted young man in the Male Academy was brought in, and that school is now made up of believers with the exception of a few small boys.

The meeting was free from outward excitement, but the interest was deep and continuous. Most of the conversions occurred away from the church. We all feel grateful now. May God help us to stay so.

We were all made sad on last Thursday by the announcement of the sudden death of Maj. J. H. Buchanan. He died at Pontotoc, whither he had gone as general manager of the convicts camp on the G & S. I. R. R. Maj. Buchanan was a true man. He was a Mexican veteran, and also a faithful soldier during the late war. He was a faithful member of the Baptist church at this place and a much valued citizen. His funeral was preached on

Friday by the writer, and his remains were interred with the usual ceremonies of the Masonic and Odd Fellows or less.

I believe the ordination of Bro. J. W. Lee to the work of a minister has not been mentioned in the RECORD. His ordination occurred on the 4th Sunday in March, under the direction of the Baptist church at this place. The programme of the ordination was as follows:

Examination, by W. T. Lowrey, sermon by W. E. Berry, Prayer by J. E. Buchanan, Presentation of the Bible by W. E. Bryant, Charge to church by H. L. Finley, Benediction by J. W. Lee.

Brother Lee is doing good work as professor in the Male Academy and we expect great usefulness of him in the future.

W. T. LOWREY.

GHUB-TA MISS.

On last night the church at Heidelberg contributed ten dollars to State Mission, and also received for baptism a most excellent young lady, who is a native daughter in Prof. Smith's school. I feel encouraged about our cause at Heidelberg. The church has made a splendid organ, paid for pastor to date, and has on hand the material for building the house of worship. The *Kind Words* will do the work in a few days. They will pay their full apportionment to the current objects fostered by our Association the last of September.

J. M. PHILLIPS

May 10th

RATES OF THE CONVENTION

over the Texas and Pacific road between New Orleans and Spreveport on their way to our Louisiana Convention at Rocky Springs will mail me a postal it will be the means of getting reduced rates. The agent wants to know. Speak out if you want a reduction.

G. W. HARTSFIELD.

Mansfield La.

BRO. JAS. H. LOW.

Thirty years ago this noble brother's name was a familiar one in nearly every Baptist family in this and adjoining States. He was a pillar in the Coliseum Place Baptist church, New Orleans, and a willing worker in every good cause. Prior to the war he carried the main debt of the church, and though subsequently suffering severe financial losses, he has not lost his spiritual strength.

Only two of the nine charter members of the Coliseum Place Baptist church now survive, and he is one, the writer the other. For several years he has resided mainly in Georgia, but is back in the Crescent City again and fully alive in all the branches of church work. His earnest labor and prayerful watchfulness exert a great influence in our denominational progress in that important commercial centre.

These remarks are called forth by a knowledge of facts, and deep interest in our Mission in New Orleans. The Southern Baptist Convention and the Board of our State Convention are doing the right things. Missions are being established and sustained, and new churches organized.

We are late in adopting the plan—a plan urged years ago by some and followed by the colored Baptist with marked success.

Mrs. Nelson is working in the proper direction, and we are glad to learn that our old friend and co-worker, Brother Low, is helping to keep up Sunday-schools and prayer and service of song meetings.

May God bless the effort.

L. A. D.

CANTON.

CANTON, MISS. 1886.

DEAR RECORD:

An impression is out that we have protracted a meeting at Canton, and I find from correspondence and otherwise that friends interested specially in the cause here wish to know the result of these meetings, and so, for the eye of all who may be interested I state the following:

Our first service was held at 7:45 p. m. of the first Sabbath in April, and the last service same hour Wednesday after 3d Sabbath. When we began the nights were very dark, cool and the main streets very muddy for one half the week, and the congregations quite small—besides, as a people the Cantonites are not church goers. Rainfall just at church going time, prevented three services during the meetings, and thus, as men see things, the interest was suspended. Brother Melvin preached one sermon, besides which I did the preaching. We hoped for ministerial help, but from time to time were disappointed, notwithstanding which, we had a good meeting, and we confidently—and we shall not be disappointed—look for blessed fruits after awhile. The congregation slowly increased in numbers, and a thoughtful interest more and more manifested itself through the unusually good attention to the simple preaching of the gospel both of the law and the grace of God. After three or four sermons, all of the preaching was directed to the unconverted. The pastors of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches attended when they could and joined us in the service of prayer for the unconverted.

As many of my own brethren, and fully as many who are not Baptists, encouraged me from time to time by such remarks as these: "We like your sermons for their simplicity and fulness of gospel truth, for your courage in rebuking sin, for your endeavor to so present the plan of salvation as to incline the sinner to look for a revival from above and not for a tuss from beneath." "We said they—have had too much of the latter for the good of this people and the cause of true religion." If the above looks like blowing my own trumpet, be it so. Again I say it encouraged my heart to know that there were Christians in Canton who had had enough of the "tuss and feather" sort of religion. The influence of the meeting did not reach, by any means, throughout the town, but some were reached who had never been known to be interested before. Several were received by letter who will be worth much to the church every way, and the church has been much revived, strengthened and encouraged. That some were converted, we doubt not, but for reasons satisfactory to those most concerned no opportunity was given for them to unite with the church, but in due time this will be done. Peculiar circumstances characterize pastors in Canton, of an untoward nature and especially is this true of a Baptist pastor, but more of this hereafter. We have not closed our meetings, simply suspended them. Asking all who read this to pray for us here.

I am fraternally,

J. J. W. MATHEIS.

FROM TEXAS.

DEAR RECORD: I have been "safely moved" in Texas very near a week, but this morning is the first time I have had that I could in strict honesty devote exclusively to you.

You learned I suppose, on your return from Montgomery, that I left Jackson on Monday morning the 10th inst. The trip had in it about as much monotony as is

usually incident to such trips, except that in crossing what is known as the "Tensas Basin," there was more water "by considerable and a trifle over," than was exactly pleasant to contemplate by the traveler. At one point the whole company of passengers had to leave the cars, take passage in a boat and be taken a distance of some miles down the Tensas. It seemed to me not less than ten miles, but I was told it was not near so far. You have traveled that road from Vicksburg to Monroe, and know something of the distance, you can therefore judge of the delay when I tell you we got under way on the West side of the branch at Vicksburg at about 2:30 p. m., and did not reach Monroe until after 1 a. m.

We got to Shreveport about 6 in the morning; the bulletin board reported us late by about six hours, at 8 sharp we were under way for Marshall, Texas, which place we reached at about 10.

From Shreveport to Marshall and thence on in Texas to near Wills Point the country is very much like that of Hinds county, Miss., and the traveler who has never been west of the Trinity can hardly realize that he is in Texas. But as you approach the "Point" the change becomes very apparent; little patches of prairie occur more and more frequently, until just as you reach the city you come full out into that magnificent prairie, that shows you to be in Texas sure enough.

To the readers of the RECORD in Mississippi and elsewhere who may visit Texas via T. & P. R. R. and think of making a stop in Dallas, I suggest that they stop at the Union Depot in East Dallas. In the Union Building, or rather in an extension of it, there is a dining hall and a few nicely furnished rooms, that for comfort, neatness, and reasonable charges, surpasses anything of the kind I have met with in many years; and being right at the crossing of the T. & C. and T. P. the traveler is ready to step out of his room upon the car that will take him in any direction he may wish to go.

The pastor in Ennis, Dr. Young, is an M. D. Doctor (not D. D.) I think a very strong man; I have heard him once, yesterday morning. No beautiful Rhetoric about him, and in Brother Lipsy's parlance, he does not deal in sermonettes. His sermon on yesterday morning was a cool, calm doctrinal investigation, forcibly, earnestly, affectionately presented, and with all closely Scriptural. He came from West Tennessee, and has been settled here only since December.

Among the evidences of his strength I offer the following: 1st. I am told he frequently preaches an hour and a half and nobody gets tired. He already has the best attended prayer meeting and the largest Sunday School in the city. 3. He has already broken up the practice of the Sunday School children going home when school is out; they all remain now for church service, and 4. The people find themselves under the necessity of enlarging the house in order to have room for the congregations.

Ennis is a pretty little city of about 3,500, and not a saloon in the place. There may be places where whiskey can be obtained surreptitiously, but I have not heard of any of them.

There is to be a debate here, beginning July 12, between Elders Jarrell, Baptist and Swinney, Campbellite. The Campbellites the challenging party as usual.

This will do for the present. I will have more soon.

Affectionately your Brother,

R. E. MELVIN.

Ennis, Texas, May 17, 1886.

THE DEVIL.

who carries his business on.
Boston Transcript.

WHO ARE THE PERSECUTED?

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

sturdy believers who earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints? A composer had set up a text concerning Daniel

Great is Diana of the Ephesians
was a fine cry for Demetrius and the
craftsmen and, nowadays, false
teachers of all kinds make equal

It is time that those who adhere to the faith of their fathers should speak out. We have desired peace and have therefore been quiet; we have hoped for the best, and have waited in patience; we have believed in our brethren, and expected to see them return to a better mind. Meanwhile, there has been no forbearance on the other side; respect for the courtesies of brotherhood and tenderness towards other men's consciences, have failed to restrain our opponents. The truth has been shot at in addresses to fraternal assemblies, in sermons preached by evangelical societies, and in lectures supposed to be delivered in the interests of the gospel. Are we to endure this forever? If it were only our own persons, or even

CONGRESSMAN BARKSDALE
ON THE BONDED WHISKY
BILL.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 13th, '86.

On April 30, 1882, the House of Representatives, (47th Congress, 1st session, Congressional Record, p. 2511,) passed the measure, except that it extended the time for the payment of the tax indefinitely, and required no interest. The yeas and nays were not called, and presumably it passed by nearly a unanimous vote, under the rules, a small minority can command a yeas and nays vote, and invariably does, when there is a division upon an important question. The bill thus enacted by Col. Hooker and his colleagues was to the Senate and was amended, so as to limit the extension to two years; and require the manufacturers to pay a tax

Again, the opposers of the bill gave as their reason that they were in favor of repealing the tax on spirits altogether, and their conduct was controlled by that motive. Mr. Randall, in his vigorous speech against the bill, used this significant language:

If Mr. Randall on the one side, and Mr. Blackburn on the other, were logical, it necessarily followed that the shortest way to repeal the whisky tax was to vote against the extension bill. In voting for the bill I voted to continue the tax, and to prevent flooding the country with cheap whisky.

The question is pertinent as to what I have done, and what I will do, upon this question of repealing the tax on discolored spirits. It is readily answered. On the 7th April, 1884, Hon. Mr. Thompson, of Kentucky, introduced the following resolution in the House of Representatives:

Resolved, That it is the undoubted and inexpugnable right of the present Congress to abolish the tax upon spirits distilled from grain, &c. (44 Cong. 1st Sess. Cong. Record, 2742.)

My vote is recorded in favor of this resolution. I will add that I will never vote to repeal, or to abate, the tax on spirits or any other luxury while the people are taxed on the clothes they wear, the implements they work with, and on the necessities that sustain life.

Very respectfully,

THE DEACON'S TEMPTATION.

BY MABEL WAYNE.

One day in late summer, Dog-earl was walking slowly across the green fields, with bended head and hands loosely clasped behind his back. There was a soft twitter of birds in the air, mingled with the droning hum of bees and insects. A light breeze from the west, laden with the breath of new-mown hay, swept over the hills and set the grass and clover in wave-like motion. A gleam of the distant river, as it gleamed glassy and still in the sunlight, could be seen through the trees. A pleasing languor was over all nature, and the fierce Dog-star was reigning very gently.

His wife tried to engage him in conversation, but was answered so crustily that she looked at him over her spectacles and said in mild surprise: "Pears to me, deacon, you're kinder out o' sorts to-night." The deacon muttered something about wishing he could be let alone; and his wife, like a wise woman, let him alone.

Now the deacon had never kept a secret from "ma," so this one weighed heavily and he determined to make a clean breast of it. But how to begin was the question. He must be artful, so he replied: "No, ma, I hain't sick, I a thinkin'."

"Wal," said Mrs. Earl, "I wish you'd do your thinkin' to-morrow."

"Yes," continued the deacon, "I've been a thinkin' I'd buy that soft-assed seat, anyhow."

"What kind'll you have?" asked the deacon.

"Oh, I guess it haint too high," said her husband cheerfully.

Mrs. Earl began to wonder at her husband's unwonted liberality, and, after a moment's pause, she asked, "Where'd you git your money, deacon?"

He cleared his throat and then replied, "I found a wallet."

"How do you know but you'll

"Oh, I know whose it is," he rejoined glibly. "'Tis John Wallin."

make no good use on it if he has it.

"Elnathan, do you mean it?" said

"Yes, I do," said he resolutely.

m. "An you've been a trying to bribe
in me to consent," she continued re-

proachfully. The deacon coughed uneasily. "Deacon," said his wife

slowly, "I never was ashamed of

you before, but I am ashamed of
you now. A deacon of the church

A a stealin' pocket books!"

ht. blustered the deacon.

re, "an I guess you would ef anybody

"I don't keer," he said sulkily.

"anybody would keep it."

"I suppose a good many men would," she rejoined, "but you perfect to make Christ your guide, and not go by what men would do. How I feel a carryin' round the bread and wine with that wallet in your pocket?"

The deacon stirred impatiently. "Come," she continued coaxingly, "promise me you'll give it back. He made no reply. She waited awhile in silence, then said: "Deacon, air you goin' to give back that wallet?"

"No, I haint," he replied faintly. Mrs. Earl said no more, but arose and began slowly dressing.

"What air you doin' ma?" queried the deacon.

"I'm going up-stairs tonight, an to-morrow I'll think what to do. One thing, sartain, I can't live with a thief."

"Now Betsy!" whined the deacon. "Don't be so soft! Come back to bed, do!"

But Mrs. Earl went on dressing in profound silence. The deacon had had experience with "ma," and knew she would keep her word. Then, too, his conscience was pricking him sorely, and he wondered how he could lead in prayer or exhort the unconvinced with this sin upon his soul. A fierce struggle sprang up in his breast, but he would not yield to the right. He let his wife depart, and oh, how lonely his room seemed, and how still without her soft breathing. All night he lay thinking, thinking and trying to make up his mind what to do. At times, he decided to give up the pocket-book, then the love of money would conquer again for the time.

Towards the morning, a bit of his early Christian experience came to him, and he remembered how he had longed to be tempted that he might better show his love and zeal. "It has come," "an I love money better than I do the Lord that saved me?" It was like a revelation. He sprang out of bed, and kneeling, poured out his soul in prayer.

The next morning he said to his wife while she was preparing breakfast, "Ma I've concluded that I love God better than money."

"The Lord be praised!" said Mrs. Earl fervently as she turned a fitter.

So Deacon Earl returned the pocketbook, and told his neighbor all about it. Mr. W. laughed in his quiet way and said: "Well, deacon, yours would have been the greater loss if you had kept it."

His neighbors said it was strange who Deacon Earl's views had changed. He used to be kind of hard on sinners, but he had more charity now and would say: "Well, well, I reckon we all meet with temptation sooner or later, and God alone keeps us from yieldin'."

LATENT BEAUTY.

A woman famous as one of the most kindly and lovable among leaders of the best American society once said—

"If I have been able to accomplish anything in life, it is due to a word spoken to me in the right season, when I was a child, by my old teacher. I was the only homely, awkward girl in a class of exceptionally pretty ones, and being also dull at my books, became the butt of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into myself, and grew daily more bitter and vindictive."

"One day the French teacher, a gray-haired old woman, with keen eyes and a kind smile, found me crying."

"Qu'as-tu ma fille?" she asked. "O, madame, I am so ugly!" I sobbed out. She soothed me but did not contradict me.

"Presently she took me to her room, and after amusing me for some time, said, 'I have a present for you, handing me a scaly, coarse lump, covered with earth. 'It is round and brown as you. 'Ugly,' did you say? Very well. We will call it by your name, then. It is

you. Now you shall plant it, and water it and give it sun for a week or two."

I planted it and watched it carefully. The green leaves came first, and at last the golden Japanese lily, the first I had ever seen. Madame came to shake my delight. "Ah!" she said significantly, "who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were shut up in that little rough, ugly thing? But it took heart and came out into the sun."

It was the first time that it ever occurred to me that in spite of my ugly face I too might be able to win friends, and to make myself beloved in the world.

Beauty nowhere helps its possessor so much or so unfairly as among very young people, who are able to appreciate pink and white tints and harmonious features, but have not yet learned to feel the higher and stronger power of more subtle charms. Ugly girls may find some consolation in the fact that the women who have exercised the most potent influence in the world were in very few cases beautiful.

Beatrice Portinari, whom Dante worshipped all his life, and made immortal as the fairest saint in heaven, was, after all, we are told, a homely, insignificant-looking woman. Mary Stuart found her most devoted adherents when she was wan and haggard in face, her limbs drawn and racked with rheumatism. Shakespeare dwells but little on the mere beauty of his heroines, but urges on our notice their more powerful charms. The voice, ever soft, gentle and low, the innocence that dignifies arch jests and laughing eyes, the infinite variety, the wit, wise gentleness.

In every community or family—it will be found that the merely beautiful women are never the most beloved or honored.

Petrarch sums up the chief powers given to women in the "ardent spirit, the high soul, the pure heart" and every man's experience tells him how often beautiful souls shine on the world through dull eyes and homely features. But they never fail of recognition. If the golden lily is there, it will make its way through the coarse husks of its covering.—Companion.

MT. LEBANON.

BRO. GAMBLE—Allow me a little space in the Record to return thanks to the sisters composing the Athens Ladies' Missionary Society, for a nice quilt sent me a few days since. It is very gratifying, indeed, to receive such tokens of kindness from good friends. I hope some day to meet these good people, to whom I am indebted for many little kindnesses shown me since my husband has been preaching to them.

LOI JENE TRAYLOR.

MAY 14.

SUMMER RESORT.

Those wishing a cool, quiet, healthful, pleasant place to spend the summer months would do well to correspond with the undersigned. Commodious Boarding-House in a few steps of large, bold springs of water, almost ice-cold. Excellent health resort. House open during July, August, and early part of September. Address: N. S. WATSON, Blue Mountain, Miss.

FOR SALE.

BERKSHIRE PIGS

From Pure Blood, Registered Stock. Apply to

O. P. AMACKER, Tangipahoa, La.

It is no part of religion to think about death. It is the part of religion, when the fact and thought of death come in, to remind us that we live forever, and that God, who sent his Son to die, will help us safe through the somewhat fearful strait that lies before us.—Guild Court.

WANTED—An active man or woman in every county in the State. Salary \$25 per month and expenses. Satisfactory terms and references. Write to Standard Silver-Ware Co., Boston, Mass.

Happiness

results from that true contentment which indicates perfect health of body and mind. You may possess it, if you will purify and invigorate your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. E. M. Howard, Newport, N. H., writes: "I suffered for years with Scrofulous humors. After using two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I

Found

great relief. It has entirely restored me to health." James French, Atchison, Kans., writes: "To all persons suffering from Liver Complaint, I would strongly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with a disease of the liver for nearly two years, when a friend advised me to take this medicine. It gave prompt relief, and has cured me." Mrs. H. M. Kidder, 41 Dwight St., Boston, Mass., writes: "For several years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. I never feel safe, even

At Home

without it. As a liver medicine and general purifier of the blood, it has no equal." Mrs. A. B. Allen, Winterport, Va., writes: "My youngest child, two years of age, was taken with Bowel Complaint, which we could not cure. We tried many remedies, but he continued to grow worse, and finally became so reduced in flesh that we could only move him upon a pillow. It was suggested by one of the doctors that Scrofula might be the cause of the trouble. We procured a bottle of

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and commenced giving it to him. It surely worked wonders, for, in a short time, he was completely cured."

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CHEAPEST SCHOOL IN THE SOUTH.

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BAPTIST RECORD.

J. B. GAMBRELL,
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GAMBRELL & FOSTER, Proprietors.

JACKSON, MISS., MAY 27, 1886.

EDITORIAL.

APPOINTMENT.

I will preach at Gloster on the Valley Road, Thursday before the 1st Sunday in June, and Saturday and Sunday following I will spend with pastor Bolls at Live Hill church. J. B. GAMBRELL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Evangelist Ball is now in a meeting at Pittsburg.

The latest from the Winona meeting is 30 accessions.

Eld. J. T. Zealy takes Prof. Bacon place at the head of Winona Female College.

The Baptist meeting house at Flora will soon be completed at a cost about \$1,500.

I have baptized eight since I wrote you, and there are more to follow.—Z. T. Leavell, Natchez.

I was at Ackerman yesterday. The prospects are encouraging. Church house nearly done.—T. G. Sellers.

We are glad to report Dr. W. H. Tucker slowly recovering from his attack of paralysis, though he is far from being able to preach.

Eld. Theodore Whitfield is doing some excellent preaching at Clinton and a good work of grace is manifested in the congregation.

The Record enjoyed a pleasant visit last week from President Reese, of Mt. Lebanon College. He is getting up plans for the new building.

The sin of the world is worldliness. The lovers of pleasure, more than the lovers of God, compose a large part of the utterly lost.

The Gethsamane Baptist church in Havana Cuba, four years old, has over three hundred members all ready to disseminate the doctrine of Christ.

Rev. Isaac U. Wilkes, of Brierfield Ala., while in attendance upon the Southern Baptist Convention, fell dead upon the streets of Montgomery.

Speaking of the Record Brother Weathersby said: "I consider it the best educator and developing power for the denomination we have in the State to-day."

In no city in the South are the Baptists making greater progress than in Louisville Ky. Two of our churches gained by baptism last year nearly 600 members.

Baptist growth has been at least numerously encouraging in recent decades. In 1850 we numbered 690,000 souls; in 1870, 1,400,000; in 1880, 2,300,000; in 1883, 2,474,771—Standard.

"Whenever a man wants an office, he joins the Methodist church and they all go for him." We do not know how much truth there is in that, but a Methodist said it and they ought to know.

Dr. C. B. Galloway, editor of the N. O. Christian Advocate, has been elected Bishop by the Conference in Richmond Va. It strikes us as a very suitable choice. He is an active man, and every inch a Methodist. This may be considered a higher place than editor of the Advocate, but it is not a more influential one.

Brother Hamilton, of Westville, was in our office last Saturday and so were Professors Pierce and Hooper, of Gillburg Institute. They report this the most prosperous session of that most excellent school.

Among the pleasant faces we met at Montgomery were brethren D. I. and John Purser, O. L. Harley, J. T. Christian, E. A. Taylor, G. A. Grammer, Geo. B. Eager, J. A. Hackett, E. C. Gates, all ex-Mississippians.

Facetiously, the the recent Press Association appointed three of their number a Board of Liars for the State. The rest of us should not meddle with their business, and so should stick to the truth for the ensuing 12 months.

Threats of Protestant Irishmen to raise a rebellion if home rule is granted the island looks like bluster, cowardice and meanness. With a constitutional provision that no form of religion shall be established, no Protestant should ask more and no Catholic should be satisfied with less.

An astute woman says after all men are far more fond of ornament than women. It is natural, she avers, and cites the fact that male birds have the gaudy plumage, and men are fond of their military parade, Col. Gen. Dr. and D. D. She may be correct. Women frequently are about things of that sort.

Brother Mitchell, of Grenada, hunted us up the other day as we were passing through his town and said, "The Record converted me to the College, and I have made my contribution, but I see the young brethren need help and here is another dollar to help out." That is good giving. If the Baptists of the State would come as near doing their duty we could endow a college every year or two.

Tennessee is a coming power in our work in the South. Last summer, under one of the beautiful trees on the campus of Brownsville Female College, we said to Secretary Gates, "Tennessee will rise and take her appropriate place among her sister States. The shell has been broken and the chick is out never to go back in to the old shell." Sooner than we expected she is pressing to the front. We take off our hat to her.

As to Sam Jones, let him abound as a moral lecturer of the burlesque order. In that line he is without a peer. As a preacher of the Word he scarcely ranks at all. He says many foolish things and many wicked things, about the doctrines of revelation. But he seems to do good and we can tolerate the evil for the good. What we fear is a vast crop of imitators. We know of but few things that would more severely afflict Zion than for preachers to take up the Sam Jones style and some of them are doing it.

"The total receipts of the American Baptist Missionary Union for current expenses during the year ending March 31, 1886, were \$384,996.73; and the expenditure, including last year's debt of \$50,516.16, were \$382,058.24, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$2,938.49. The receipts from donations, including \$25,902.97 in response to Dr. Edward Judson's special appeal for Upper Burma, and \$22,019.11 for the debt, were \$331,353.06. The gain in receipts over the previous year was \$22,970.23, and in donation from churches, Sunday Schools and individuals, \$47,051.08."

The Standard (Chicago) says: Judge Moran, of the Circuit Court, delivered a lecture a few evenings since on "The Triumph of the American Catholic Idea over the Puritan in this Republic." He must be familiar with this triumph every time he holds a criminal court. The last six murderers hung in this city were Catholic, and three-fourths of our burglaries and rows and riots

are done by people of the same faith. And the general demoralization which exists in our large cities is so far the triumph of the ideas of Catholics, as well as the ignorance which prevails.

That is keenly and fairly put.

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

It is to be feared that there is a tendency among ministerial students in our Colleges and Seminaries to study the Bible too much through the different departments of Biblical literature, and too little through the actual contact with the sacred text itself. Not that any such thing as this is encouraged by the professors or by their methods of teaching, but close attention to outside helps insensibly leads away from the Bible itself.

Study of the Bible, and about the Bible, about the harmony of its parts, the systematic arrangement of its doctrines, the manners and customs of those among whom its scenes are laid, the events contemporaneous with its different eras—all this, while it is necessary to the understanding of the Bible, leads the mind too much to such study, and from the sacred book itself. These studies are but the scaffolding by which we reach a clearer view of divine truth, but they are only the scaffolding and if they draw our attention too much from the building itself they become an injury.

An old and highly intelligent minister, now gone to his reward, whose communications once enriched the columns of the Religious Herald, said to us in the evening of his long life: "If I could live my life over again I would not study any book but the Bible," meaning, of course, that he would give it a greater and grander pre-eminence in his study. It was a feeling similar to the Apostle's expressed determination not to know anything among the Corinthians save Jesus Christ and him crucified. He did not fling away in contempt, his wealth of literary attainments, but determined to ignore everything save in the realm of the Word of Christ.

It was said of the fervent Apollonius that he was "mighty in the Scriptures," and that was a blessed commendation, even though he did need to be instructed more perfectly in the way of the Lord. Of Timothy it was said that from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures. All of God's servants who have attained the most blessed success in preaching have been "mighty in the Scriptures." Chrysostom could repeat from memory almost the entire Bible. The writings of Augustine abound in quotations from the Scriptures. Jerome had a wonderful knowledge of the Scriptures. The men who to-day are instrumental in accomplishing the most blessed results in the salvation of sinners have a thorough knowledge of much of the language and of the general meaning of the Bible. Mr. Spurgeon's sermons which are delivered to four or five thousand persons and are then scattered over the entire English speaking world, abound in Scripture quotations. So Mr. Geo. C. Needham, a student of Mr. Spurgeon, is a profound student of the Bible. Moody, Earle, Penn and other evangelists, who have been successful in saving souls, are men who magnify the truths of the Bible. Our Brother, B. N. Hatch, who is now among the churches, studies the Bible earnestly and prayerfully and he relies upon its truths, made mighty by God's Spirit, to accomplish the salvation of sinners. Rev. Robert Pearson, who has been widely known as a successful evangelist, says that he has read the New Testament through at least six times upon his knees. That is the secret of his success.

Nothing can take the place of a direct study of the Bible. There is no necessity for taking its teachings second hand. All may draw directly from the inexhaustible fountain. Indeed, it is criminal not to read for ourselves when we can read. The Bereans, when they heard the

Gospel preached, at once searched the Scriptures daily to see if these things were so. If we can persuade any Christian to adopt a more regular and persevering study of the Bible these lines will not have been written in vain.

TOUGALOO UNIVERSITY.

More than once we have had occasion to speak of this excellent school for colored people. It certainly is doing a good work where it is especially needed.

The following clipped from the Tougaloo Quarterly published under the heading, "Life incidents of one of our boys, by himself," is a disappointment to us.

Very soon after the surrender of Gen. R. E. Lee to Gen. U. S. Grant, there seems to have been a plan suggested to the ex-slaveholders in the community where Henry lived for the perpetuation of slavery to some extent. This plan was to kill as many colored mothers of children as possible, and have their children bound over to their former owners till they became of age. For this purpose poisoned provisions were placed at a point remotely situated from the neighboring plantations, and the freedmen were invited to come, take and eat of it, "without money and without price." This poisoned molasses, etc., was placed at such a distance from the homes of the freed people that the journey would be too fatiguing for the children to travel, and hence only adults would go and "sop" the molasses, and die before they reached their homes to give it to their children. A good many died consequently, and their children were seized and held by their masters as had been planned.

Henry's mother was given some medicine, ostensibly to cure a slight cold, which she had contracted by exposing herself to a draught of air while lying on a bed to rest during the hot weather. In a short while after she took the medicine she was helpless and speechless, and soon died.

Such a story is an outrage on human credulity, and an extravagant slander of the Southern people. Having had some of the students of the school in our employ, we have commended their excellent moral training; but we mark them down on this piece. The writer of this story needs to be taught the truth and the teachers should teach him to tell the truth, or keep him out of print.

This school draws several thousand dollars from our State Treasury and we submit that the white people of the State have a right to expect better things than this. We heartily favor spending money to educate the colored people; but not in such slanderous mendacity.

We ran down to Hazlehurst Saturday to see Bishop Sibley and his people. It is known that the good Bishop has been nursing a broken leg for several months. This fact and the general burn out in the business portion of the town put the church back very much in its collections. I ought to have added that the house has been repaired at heavy expense. Under all the circumstances, we scarcely hoped for more than \$150 for the work on the home stretch, but it was the easiest thing we have tried to raise \$222.50 all of which will come in before the Convention. Even better than the goodly sum contributed, was the beautiful spirit with which it was done. They are in a protracted meeting now and the spirit of Christ is with them. Our heart was much refreshed by the brethren.

Copiah county has an unsavory reputation abroad, given it by a few bad men. Some of them are now dead, others in prison and still others scattered abroad. There is not a nobler, more substantial people in the State than the general citizenship of the county, and Hazlehurst Baptists stand in the front rank.

The temperance sentiment is pretty strong and it is believed if a

vote is taken the county will keep her place in the Prohibition column.

We grieve to have to report that Bro. Lomax is suffering from nervous prostration—over work. He will be compelled to take a rest. This is a serious loss at this crisis in our mission and temperance work.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Junior and his wife represented the Record in the late meeting of this Association, in the pleasant little city of West Point. An interesting address of welcome was delivered by Mr. Fox, a lawyer of the place, which was responded to upon the part of the press by Mr. E. H. Dial, of the Meridian News. The press of the State was well represented and all present seemed to be enjoying the meeting. Wednesday night the annual oration was delivered by Mr. E. S. Wilson, formerly of Jackson, and poems, recitations and other exercises completed the programme—some of the poems being original by ladies of the press. Mrs. Mollie McGee Snell was given time to represent the work of the W. C. T. U., which she did admirably. The hospitality of West Point was excellent, and throughout was unmarred by the presence of wine. The press is indeed a great power in moulding public opinion and every editor ought to wear his badge, as Mrs. Snell suggested, as a badge of his royalty.

An excursion was provided for the members to Columbus and Starkville. At Columbus they were splendidly entertained. One point of interest there was the young ladies college. There the students were seen in all departments of every day work. We did not go over on the excursion, but the college we believe made a fine impression upon the press generally.

LOUISIANA NOTES.

Our Corresponding Secretary, Rev. C. W. Tomkies is now in North Louisiana visiting the churches in the interest of our Board, and we hope the churches will respond liberally to his appeals. We shall need at least \$1000 to accomplish all we have planned, and come up to the Convention without a debt. Some of the churches have not taken a collection for our work, and others have sent us something with the promise of more.

Now is the time to help us brethren. You appointed us to this work and we have tried to do our duty. There are only about six weeks to time of our Convention, and whatever you do must be done quickly. Every contribution from every church and individual will be reported at the Convention. Let every church have its name on the Treasurer's report for some amount.

We need more money for our education fund. Our young preachers need money just now. Help us and help us right now! Don't wait until Brother Tomkies gets to your church, but send on what you can collect immediately to our treasurer G. A. Turner. This appeal is urgent. Do not forget it.

Our Missionaries are doing a fine work and they are waiting for their salaries. Help us meet the obligations we have assumed in your name.

We wish every Baptist in Louisiana could have been present at the Southern Baptist Convention to hear the soul-thrilling reports of the success of our missionary efforts everywhere. We think they would rejoice to think they were permitted to bear some part of the grand work.

We hope to make some arrangements with the Home Mission Board for the coming year, by which our Convention work may share more largely in the distribution of the funds of that Board. Heretofore, New Orleans has absorbed almost the entire portion of the contribution of this Board to the State of Louisiana. We desire to see a more equitable distribution of the money given to our State. The Secretary tells us there will not be

so much need for long expenditures in New Orleans the coming year. Why may not all the work of that Board in the limits of our entire State be done through the Executive Board of our State Convention? Why may not all the churches of Louisiana belong to our State Convention? Would it not be best for the churches and the cause? Why should a few of our churches act independently and why should any be associated with organizations outside of our State?

These are questions we would have our brethren all over the State to consider. We believe all the Baptist churches all over the State in New Orleans and east of the Mississippi would do well to unite with our State Convention. We can help each other, and our denominational interests in the State would attract more attention and sympathy from outside. In the past there may have been reasons for these divisions, but now since inter-communion has been established, and every part of the state has become accessible by rail-ways and steam-boats, it would seem that Louisiana Baptists ought to get closer together, and all the churches ought to belong to one Convention. We beg the brethren to give this subject a prayerful consideration. Such co-operation may be a little more inconvenient than their present arrangement, but sacrifices made now for the unification of the Baptists of our beloved State will surely redound to the advancement of our cause in the more rapid development of our denominational interests in the future.

We would be glad to hear from brethren on this important subject.

On our way from the Convention we met with the Rev. A. M. Newman, the State Missionary of the Home Mission Society of the North ern Baptists to the colored people of our State. He seems to be a man of intelligence and piety. He says there are at least 70,000 Baptists among the people of Louisiana, 400 ordained ministers, one third of whom are well informed men. He has since his appointment visited 250 churches and each one has a Sunday-school. He thinks that there are at least 400 Baptist churches among the colored people of the State. We were glad to meet him and hear him speak so encouragingly of the religious development of the colored people.

WILLIAM C. JACK.

It is with sadness, and with deepest sympathy for his grief-stricken family that we record the death of this venerable Christian gentleman and scholar. He died at the home of his son, Hon. W. H. Jack, in Natchez, on the morning of the 4th instant, aged 77 years, six months, and eight days. We had had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him, but we knew him by reputation to be a gifted scholar, a thorough gentleman and an humble, irreproachable, self-sacrificing disciple of Christ.

The following extract of a letter received from his distinguished son—announcing his death—is such a touching, affectionate, and beautiful tribute to the memory of an honored father that we cannot withhold it in this connection:

"He 'fell asleep in Jesus' with the love and faith of a little child. He died, as he had lived, in peace with God and with all mankind. His mind was clear and conscious to the very last moment. Often during his sickness he would tell us that he was willing and ready to go and be with Christ; and, but a short time before his death he asked us to tell him for the last time of Jesus and his love. This I did in my weak way, as best I could, and he told me that he felt that he could pass through the tide that was coming upon him, and without a doubt or a fear. But what more can I say than that my dear old father died gently, as sweetly and as lovingly as he had lived. Of what a glorious spectacle is the death of the Christian. It is then he is conqueror."

I write you this hurried note with a heavy heart."

HOME CIRCLE.

Conducted By Mrs. M. T. Gambrell.

POETRY.

THY WILL, NOT MINE.

My soul into the midnight fight
With joyous thrill
Of valor flies
But when the dark and woe night
With silent chill,
Drops down the skies,
When faith must show instead of sight,
The Master's will
My courage dies.
I cannot reach earth's golden crown,
Its weight of dross
Would gladly bear,
But if my Saviour sendeth down
From off the cross
The one worn there,
That crown Christ's very own
I count but loss,
And shrink to wear it.
I find it hard, in patience meet,
To wait thy will,
O, love divine!
To hold thy hands, to stay my feet
And keeping still,
My wish resign?
To say in trustful spirit sweet,
Through seeming ill,
Thy will—not mine?
O! Man of sorrows, Jesus dear!
Stretch out to me
Thy touch of balm,
Forget not thorn and nail and spear
Once wounded Thee,
Head, heart, and palm!
Unto my grief draw very near
Thy sympathy
Shall make calm!
Presbyterian.

EDITORIAL.

A MOURNFUL MOMENT OF LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

A woman of keen perceptions was employed in the family of a very religious planter as teacher. For a few days after her arrival upon the scene of labors it seemed to her that a chill, a gloom, almost funereal overspread the household. With womanly tact she tried to bury her homesickness in her own heart, and sought to brighten up the home to which she had come. She could not divine the cause of the chill that seemed to pervade the atmosphere of the household, but the secret soon revealed itself to her observant eyes. It became necessary for the planter to be absent from home for several days. Immediately on his departure the cloud seemed to lift from the family skies, wife and children became social, and good cheer found vent in laughter and song. There seemed to be a perfect transformation of the whole family. This state of things lasted until the husband and father returned then the cloud seem to return. In the pleasant evenings when the day's work was over she noticed that the father took his seat on one end of the gallery, the children grouped themselves far from him as the limits of the gallery would permit. He seemed solemn and alone in the midst of the family. The wife made occasional attempts to draw father and children together, attempts that were pitiful in their pathos and hopelessness. But all were of no avail. Never by word or sign did he commend anything that wife or children did. Their pleasures never interested him, and gradually he built between himself and his family an impassable barrier. They treated him with respect but there was no tenderness manifested on either side. Naturally enough the children sought congenial companionship, others gained the influence over them that the blind, thoughtless father never tried to win and hold. The school-teacher found the whole family warmhearted, loving and affectionate towards her and towards each other, and the father would sometimes unbend his severe, stern dignity and be quite, pleasant and social with the governess, but never one act of courtesy, never one gentle loving word did he offer to wife or children. He was strict and careful in attention to family prayers

and she oftentimes wondered how he could read the sweet, loving words of scripture and yet be so stern and unloving towards those of his own household. She sometimes asked herself if he could be without natural affection.

After awhile serious sickness came to a member of the family and for days the shadow of death seemed to hang over the household, then the father seemed to thaw towards that one and the teacher caught a glimpse of the real tenderness of heart that he had repressed and covered up from wife and children.

With the return of health to the sick one all expression of evidence of tenderness was withdrawn and the old dreary sternness returned. He stood high in his church, indeed his religious ambition would have been hard to sate if he had not been satisfied with the position and honor which his brethren delighted to yield to him, but he was an iceberg to his children, so far as praising them, and a Vesuvius in condemnation of their slightest faults. Was he conscientious in this does the reader ask? Yes but conscience is not an infallible guide and he had "conscientiously" cast away from him the loving influence in his family, which might have been his, and which ought to be the pride and crown of every husband and father. His lonely life in the midst of his hungry hearted wife and children was to that teacher's mind a mournful monument of lost opportunities. And yet he was only reaping what he had sown. Sometimes God gives to prosperous men many years of bitter reaping from their sowing coldness and hardness and repression of affection and indifference in the tender hearts of their children. How sad is it when a Christian father is guilty of such neglect. In no other way can the "cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches" inflict such mortal wounds.

YOUNG HOPEFULS.

Last week we had a nice letter from a Hopeful that lives in Louisiana, and it contained quite a pretty original poem, but we were so unfortunate as to lose it, and the Y. H. column must be the loser through our carelessness, unless—seeing this—the writer will duplicate her letter.

One little rule of newspapers we must call the attention of our Young Hopefuls to. It is this, always send your real name to the editor. If for good reasons you wish to withhold your name from the public, you are at liberty to choose a *nom de plume* or omit any signature, but your name must accompany the communication. Good articles from unknown friends find their way in to the waste basket.

FOOTPRINTS.

BY S. WHITE.

Mrs. Gray—What is it, my little pet? What do you want to tell me? For I see you have something to tell me.

Little Carrie—Yes, ma'am, I come to see you so that I could talk to you when no one else was here. I want to tell you about my doll. Did you love a doll when you were a little girl like me?

Mrs. G.—Yes, Carrie dear, I remember when I did really love my doll as dearly as any little girl could.

C.—Oh, I am so glad, because you will know all about it. Well, I had such a love of a doll, such sweet blue eyes, and such beautiful curls of sure enough hair. It was dressed so nicely that it was just lovely, and I did love it very dearly. Sometime ago some people came to live near us, and there was a little girl about as large as me. I took a liking to her, and used to watch her from our gallery. After awhile I spoke to her and we soon became friends. Her mamma lets her come and play with me, then we would look at books and at my Sunday

school papers, but oh, Mrs. Gray, she didn't know anything about Jesus. She had never gone to Sunday School like we do. I told her that when people loved Jesus they wanted to be like him. That Jesus gave much to save people, but I couldn't think of it all to tell her, but I told her that we came here to talk about these things, and asked her to come with me. She asked me if I loved the Jesus I was telling her about, I told her I did. She asked me if it made me willing to give anything for him. I did not know what to say, so I got my lovely doll and gave it to her, and asked her again to come to our meetings. She threw her arms around my neck and sobbed, and then promised to come, so she will be here this evening, that is all I have to tell.

Mrs. G.—Bless you, my little pet. I pray that the Blessed Savior may ever keep you near to himself, and as you grow in years may you grow in love to him. Bring your little friend and we will tell her more about Jesus, hoping she may learn to love him.

Mrs. G.—Again we have the pleasure of meeting to encourage each other to walk in the footprints of our Lord. Mary will you tell us something of the theme you chose.

Mary—Jesus loved Martha and her sister Mary. I love to read often the account we have in the Bible of the friendship that existed between Jesus and this family at Bethany, because it shows us so much of the human side of Jesus that he had a heart susceptible to human love and human sympathy and I think that very often after a day of toil in which he had been preaching to the throngs in Jerusalem, enduring the mocking of the people, the persecutions of many, or healing the sick, relieving the distressed, etc.; how gladly he would sit down to the table with his friends, and how often he would take an asylum of rest, always certain of a kindly, loving welcome from Martha and her sister Mary.

I sometimes fancy I can see the sisters getting everything ready for the comfort of their coming friend. Martha would have a footbath ready for his weary, dusty feet, Mary would have supper prepared in the way she knew would please him. Lazarus would often go to the door to see if he was coming, and if later than usual, how anxious they would all feel lest any harm had befallen him, and then when he did come, with what pleasure they all ministered unto him, and what pleasant evenings they spent, how interestedly they listened to him as he told them the events of the day. It was no wonder they all loved each other so much. I love to think of this company at Bethany, for it brings Jesus so very close to us, it seems that we can here sit down right beside him and put our hand in his, as a very dear friend, and listen to his words, and ask him questions, always certain of a kind reply. The very cheering thought is that he is still the same, he has still the same loving, sympathizing heart, for the angels told his disciples when looking up after him at his ascension after he was received into heaven out of their sight, that this same Jesus shall come again. So we know that he sympathizes with us now in every trial, he also knows every emotion of love that swells up in our hearts toward him. His heart is just as gentle toward the little ones as when he laid his hands on them and blessed them, he is now touched with our sorrow, for he knows all about it. For he loves all the Marthas and Marys and Lazari now. I feel that in such meetings as these we can have enjoyments as precious as those at Bethany, because Jesus has promised to be with those who meet in his name. So here we get closer to each other and closer to our Lord, the love in our hearts becomes one, and we get to know the meaning of that oneness with him for which he prayed, and thus are we treading in his

Footprints. George—I thank you, Miss Mary for the talk you have given us. It has given me a new insight into the character of a loving Jesus. It seems to bring him so much closer to me. I know that I shall love to think of him as a dear and present friend. I do hope that all the Young Hopefuls everywhere will meet together and have Bethany meetings, for I know that meeting with Jesus will prepare and mature them for useful lives.

FOREIGN LETTER.

COLUMBUS, MISS., May 8, 1886.

EDITORS RECORD.—Will you give space to the publication of this letter from the General Manager of our Missions in Africa and will you who read this letter (I know some of you are living adjacent to, or have colored Baptist in your employ) speak to them about it or call their attention to its importance.

Will the Baptist Messenger, Southern Baptist of this State, Advocate of Louisiana, please copy for the sake of the cause of God, Christ and the World's Redeemer, let the Associations all over the State and

T. L. JORDON.

MANOR SALADAH, SIERRA LEON, CENTRAL WESTERN AFRICA, March 8, 1886.

REV. T. L. JORDON, My Dear Brother—You must not forget that your missionaries are among the wild heathen in the wilds of Africa, that this position places them beyond all Christian influence, and that therefore they must be strengthened by correspondence with the brethren and churches at home, or we must like the rainy season, streams around us in this hot climate, cease to flow after we have emptied our souls into the ocean of heathen hearts about us and accessible to us. You must help us by writing to us, sending papers to us, sending to us such good religious books as will fill our souls that we may be always full enough to flow easily into the souls of the millions of Africans, to whom we must be a *living stream* from God Almighty.

Brother J., you understand all of this, read it to the other brethren, write it to the newspapers. While I am doing what I can in the wilds of Africa for the African, you must do all you can for Africa in civilized America by your sermons, prayers, words, pen and the press.

The mission work of the Foreign Convention among the heathen of Africa has been wonderfully successful since it was established in Africa. You know we have struggled hard to put the work on foot and we are still struggling to keep it in progress. But the greatest trials of the mission are the first trials. These passed successfully, as in the case of our mission, mighty results for good are inevitable.

Our Executive Board needed the few hundred dollars necessary to meet the running expenses of the mission over and above the support of the missionaries. This they have not had until this present year, notwithstanding the expenses have existed and had to be met. Now Brother Jordon, any man acquainted with our mission and interested in its success would be very weak indeed to say that the colored Baptists of America cannot themselves alone successfully do mission work in Africa. Away with the idea!

We have witnessed the conversion of more than seventy-five souls in this dark land since our work was set on foot. This was in less time than one year and a half, and it was very wonderful for any heathen country, for one real Christian from heathenism is equal to an army in a Christian country. Besides the "Vey Territory" the influence of our mission is felt among the Carbars, Condors, Golars, some exotic Congos and Mandengos, Mohammedans.

Rev. J. J. Coles, one of your missionaries among the Vays, was sent by your Baptist Vey Mission some months ago to examine the country and tribes to the north of the present

mission. He successfully explored the country, passing the most imminent dangers as far as Popora, the capital of the Kingboosin country, Central Western Africa. On this tour Mr. Coles visited more than fifty heathen towns and villages, more than forty of which he found open to receive the gospel and Christian school teachers. The only heathen king who wanted to kill your missionary on this tour died while Mr. Coles, your missionary, was beyond his territory, thus when Mr. Coles returned the man (Herod) was dead and your missionary's life saved by Him who has said to us, "Lo, I am with you always even to the end of the world." Rev. J. J. Coles is now on his passage to the United States, having been sent over to represent the status of the work on this side to the Executive Board and the Baptist F. M. Convention.

The failure of the mind of Rev. James H. Peresby, the returned missionary of your mission, rendered him unable to make anything like a real report of the work in Africa. The mission in Africa saw the necessity of information needed in the Executive Board, the Baptist Foreign Mission Convention and the churches, such as could only be gathered directly from the field, so all the missionaries suggested to the Executive Board of the Baptist Foreign Mission Convention that a commission be sent to the field in Africa to gather the above needed information. The Ex. Board, having failed to send an "inspector" to Africa, the Baptist Vey mission of the Baptist Foreign Mission Convention of the U. S. A. has been driven to send a member of the mission in Africa to the Ex. Board and Foreign Mission Convention.

A perfect knowledge, if possible, of the progress and success, needs and necessities, possibilities and impossibilities, must be in the possession of the Ex. Board and Foreign Mission Convention, as well as the ministers, missionary societies and Christians at large before all can possibly be properly concerned and truly active in the spread of the Master's kingdom over Africa, in the name of the colored Baptists of America.

Rev. J. J. Coles, has with him many relics of the Dark Continent, among them is a small canoe, (dug out) the kind used by your missionaries in carrying the gospel through the wilds of Africa over the lakes and rivers. You must see that, and then see if you cannot help to place in the service of your mission in Africa something more secure. Remember the value of the Gospel there, think of the value of the lives of your missionaries and brethren and sisters.

Your mission has just established a mission station, (Mississippi Mission Station), in honor of the colored Baptists of the State of Mississippi, from whom the missionary, Rev. H. McKinney, in charge comes.

The Mission Home, with some out houses, has just been completed. Brother McKinney has more than fifty converts without any place to worship in. Please send \$75 to the Ex. Board for this purpose at once. Brother McKinney is doing a grand work in Africa. Tell the brethren to come to the front and stay there. Your State is the only State that has a mission station named after it in Africa.

We are very much in need of a young lady missionary. Have you one you could send out and support? Remember me to our friends in your city. Let me hear from you. W. W. COLLEY.

TEMPIS, SARDINIA.

DEAR BROTHER GAMBRELL.

I drop you a line from Sardinia to let you know what a delightful time I have been having this week. I am now in the city of Tempis, a small mountain city in the northern part of Sardinia. We opened a station here four months ago, and it has given good promise from the first. I have been preaching every

night since my arrival, and to my great joy, we have had a crowded house from the beginning. I have never seen people listen more attentively, and seem more anxious to understand the truth. You cannot imagine how ignorant these people are of spiritual things. Several of the priests cannot read, and most of them are bad men, the bishops being among the worst. We have reason to believe that some of the people have truly received the truth, and that others have been much impressed. I never preached with more freedom and ease, and with keener joy than I have this week. What a pleasure it is to preach to hungry souls who have never heard the truth!

The priests, from the bishops down, have been greatly disturbed by my coming, and especially by the crowds that have been attending the meetings. The bishop said publicly from the pulpit that the bad weather we have been having was due to the presence of the protestants, and that the faithful must not expect a return of good weather till the heretics had been driven away. Some of the more ignorant among the women believe this, but the men are beyond such nonsense. They have said all sorts of bad things of us, but it has done us no harm. This morning a young man brought me a poem that some priest has written about me, making fun of me, calling me an ex-priest, a corrupter of the faith, a disturber of the peace of the town (a peace of death) and even likening me to the beast spoken of in the Revelation. As long as I am permitted to preach to such crowds as we have had this week, what do I care about the evil speaking of the enemies of the truth? Alas! for those who will not enter the kingdom themselves, and who seek in every possible way to hinder those who wish to enter.

I have distributed hundreds of tracts since I have been here, which have gone into many houses, and will be sure to produce some fruit. The women will not come to hear me, but I am told they eagerly read the tracts. We are very hopeful about this new field, and beg you and the readers of the RECORD to pray for us, and especially for those who seem to have received the truth, for they will have a good deal to suffer. I am in excellent health, and leave for Rome to-morrow.

JOHN H. EAGER.

SELECTED.

HOW CIRCUS BOYS ARE TRAINED.

I can corroborate from an indelible recollection what Mr. Whittingham says about the barbarous cruelty by which circus boys are taught to perform their tricks for the amusement of the public, says a letter in the London Pall Mall Budget. I once went into a well known circus in the day time, and I saw a poor little chap of about eight or ten years of age, going through his morning drill in the ring. He had nothing on but a shirt and a pair of trousers, and he had to make a certain number of somersets, five or six, without stopping, from one line drawn in the dust to another. In order to come back to his starting line he had to pass every two or three minutes, giddy and panting, between the cushioned ring and a gentleman, one of the proprietors of the circus, who held in his hand a long heavy, cutting whip, such as I imagine a cowboy might use to subdue a buck-jumper. If the little beggar performed the prescribed number of somersets Mr. Merryman let him pass with a smile and one—only one—long, playful cut across the shoulders, a facetiousness which always elicited a howl from the victim and grin from the grooms. But if he failed in one of his somersets, if, as often happened, the little arms were too weak to support the body in the reverse position, then the cruellest jockey that ever sat down to finish by a neck was an angel compared to Mr. Merryman. The long cutting whip traveled with indescribably horrible sound, from the

COMMUNICATIONS.

STEEN'S CREEK, MISS.

Last Sabbath at eleven o'clock I met the sisters of Mountain Creek church, and organized a Woman's Missionary Society. Mrs. Elizabeth Laird was elected President, Miss Ida Comper, Cor. and Rec. Secretary, Miss Lizzie Traylor, Treasurer and Miss Nora Rogers Vice President.

Time of meeting: 1st. Saturday of each month. These members are earnest consecrated Christians, and are anxious to be useful, therefore desire to become identified with other similar societies, and fall in line under the wise direction and leadership of Mrs. Quince.

Mountain Creek church is showing many signs of renewed life—tightening of the chords that draw heavenward. We will come up with all our pro-rata for State work and more too. Our days of meeting are the 1st Sabbath and Saturday before.

I am also preaching at Steen's Creek on fourth Sabbath morning and night.

Our Sabbath School here has established a mission school at Union school house three and a half miles west of Steen's Creek. Brother J. T. Rogers and I organized this mission school last Sabbath evening, with a membership of fifty. I have agreed to preach at that point every third Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock, and the community have agreed to make necessary arrangements. We hope to reap in due time.

C. B. FREEMAN.

HOMESTEAD, MISS.

DEAR SISTER GAMBRELL—Last Spring you published a little piece you called "Fainting Fits," which was a real comfort to me then, and I have not been tired of it since. Your words were brought fresh to my mind last Sunday by our preacher giving us a talk, speaking of and condemning the giving away of our feelings, he said he knew of no better name than the "blues" for such. But I admire your name, "Fainting Fits," much more, and I love you kind sympathetic feeling in regard to others passing through the same deep waters. These troubles are not always of the same character, sometimes we are overwhelmed with grief from the loss of friends, sometimes bodily suffering, sometimes financial embarrassments causes us to cry out, "Oh! Father lead us as a little child, we cannot see the way." I have been a child of many sorrows, have sometimes felt disposed to question, "Why is thus?" "Do I deserve such severe discipline?" These afflictions are almost more than I can bear, the billows are well nigh gone over me, "ready to faint," but the cheering words, "Be of good cheer; wait on the Lord and he will strengthen you," comes. I believe with you they are a means of awakening within us longings for the rest that remains for the people of God. It does seem if everything went well with us, we had all our dear ones, our hearts' cravings, we might be loth to go. Surely afflictions are good for us. Many of us have had sad experiences and surely we can each other help to scatter the dizzy dimness from the eye of faith, and revive the drooping spirits. Gladly would we, as an empty vessel, be filled from the fountain of Life and bear cups of cooling water to weary pilgrims who stagger and faint on the hot roads of time. Having one great leader, it is a blessed privilege to help each other through the weariness of the ways in which we are led. The helpful hours shine bright in our memories, and are written in the book of God's remembrance. We shall be glad to meet them beyond the swelling of Death's Jordan. For he at last,

After the weary strife—
After the restless fever we call life,
After the weariness, the aching pain,
The many struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past
Will give us rest at last.

S. M. WHITAKER.

TRIBUTE TO ELD. S. C. LEE.

RESOLVED, by the Baptist church, at Arcadia, La., that in the death of Eld. S. C. Lee, the sad event of April, 3d 1886, we have lost a valuable member of this church, a true minister of the Cross, and an eminent example of piety.

RESOLVED, that while we are sensible of the loss, and yet rejoice at his gain, we commend his zeal, self-denial and heavenly mindedness to all lovers of actual discipleship and piety of life.

RESOLVED, that in view of his great usefulness to the cause of Christ in the State of Louisiana, especially; the prominence he occupied in our denomination that we publish in our State organ, these resolutions and the following, in memoriam.

Brother Lee was a lovable and industrious pastor. A few days prior to his decease he visited some fourteen families in the Walnut Creek church charge. His activity in this relation, was almost without an equal, and indeed he came up to the measure of Paul's language "in labors abundant." His diligence should be emphasized to the weal of our glorious cause. The theme of his last sermon is still gleaming in the minds of his devoted flock at the Walnut Creek church: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." He preached there as under a special inspiration. Dwelling upon the feature of rest, his soul glowed with a heavenly fervor when he spoke of the final and perfect rest of the people of God.

Such testimonials—and they are numerous—as the following from Brother Dorman, of Homer Church, are to be coveted. Brother Lee was the popular and blessed pastor of that field also, and of his departure Brother Dorman writes: "His death spread a gloom throughout this community. He was honored and universally esteemed, I know he awoke from death and went home with a convoy of angels in the arms of Jesus."

To have served one church fourteen years, as he did the church at Farmersville, and then be recalled after moving away is a living comment on his life worthy of record. He loved Jesus, he preached Jesus, he lived Jesus, and hence all lovers of Jesus loved the ministry of our deceased Brother.

His last prayer in our Church at Arcadia, is now remembered for its unctious and richness as if at the very mercy seat. And in response to many inquiries about the last days of this servant it is as also useful to say that one of his last addresses to the church of his membership was on the "joy of discipleship." It was replete with "honey out of the rock."

A few days before his last sickness he prepared his last sermon, was to preach to the church at Homer. Text: "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" It is interesting to know that the last words of that sermon, and the last words Brother Lee ever wrote were: "I am ready—willing to do and be all things to all men, if I can thereby serve Christ." With him Christ was first and last, and trusting in Christ, we can rejoice with him in his last uttered words, on his death bed: "I conquer." The language of God's hosts in Louisiana who knew Brother Lee and loved him ardently are warranted to join us, in witnessing such a life and triumph, and exclaim "let me die the death of the righteous let my last end be like his."

We deeply sympathize with Sister Leem her bereavement, and commend her to the unfailing consolation in the bosom of God. We record it, with prayer that we may be faithful, that the association of her life, so useful and self-denying, in helping her husband in the work of the gospel ministry establishes her in our highest affection and commands our most tender and constant regard.

For reasons which appear to us useful, we ask space in your excellent journal, the BAPTIST RECORD to publish this tribute to the memory of the now triumphant Brother, who fought the good fight into the verge of heaven, and then stepped into his chariot of fire and went home to God.

ARCADIA BAPTIST CHURCH.

OBITUARY.

J. J. Pratt was born in Abbeville county, South Carolina, May, 13th, 1808; was married to Miss Elizabeth Pratt, of same county, Dec. 28th, 1830, and moved to Kemper county, Miss., in 1835. In 1843 he moved to Simpson county, where he resided until death. In the year 1845, he professed faith in Christ and united with the Baptist Church at New Zion, acting as clerk and treasurer for a time, afterwards moving his membership to Gum Ridge church. In the fall of 1850 he, with a number of others, "drew his" church pattern and organized a church at Braxton, called Rehoboth, where his membership was at death. On his dying bed he told his friends that he was

ready to go, and felt very thankful that the Lord had spared him to raise his children to be grown. His only regret was to part from his bosom companion who still survives him. As a husband, he was kind and affectionate and a bountiful provider. As a father ever training his children in the way they should go, as a neighbor and friend, he will surely be missed, and a Christian and pillar in our church, the loss is irreparable. We tender our deepest sympathies to the bereaved companion and relation of Bro. Pratt.

RESOLVED, That this church appoint a committee to give suitable notice of death of our beloved Brother J. J. Pratt, in BAPTIST RECORD. Committee: W. D. Bridges and J. C. Edmondson.

Done by Rehoboth church in conference, May, 2d, 1886.

T. J. WILEY, Moderator.

J. C. EDMONSON, Clerk.

Be Warned

In time. Kidney diseases may be prevented by purifying, renewing, and invigorating the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When, through debility, the action of the kidneys is perverted, these organs rob the blood of its needed constituent, albumen, which is passed off in the urine, while worn out matter, which they should carry off from the blood, is allowed to remain. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the kidneys are restored to proper action, and Albumenuria cured.

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is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with kidney complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McEllean, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and kidney complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emaciated; but by using

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

my appetite and digestion improved, and my health has been perfectly restored."

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THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT makes a specialty of Southern news, having correspondents in every Southern State for instantaneous employment several hundred correspondents in all to furnish it by telegraph, with all events and happenings of general local interest. It devotes itself to the encouragement of Southern progress and industry, furnishing valuable articles and statistics—accepted by the United States Statistical Bureau as the best published on these matters—on trade, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, mining, etc. It is the only paper in the United States which devotes itself to Mexican, Central and South American news, having correspondents in all these countries, and publishing special editions, from time to time, in English and Spanish, devoted to the interests of Latin America.

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No. 1, Express arrives.....2:53 p. m.

leaves.....4:05 p. m.

No. 3, Mail leaves.....1:28 a. m.

L. F. MONTGOMERY, Tkt. Agt.

J. TURNER, Div. Supt.

J. W. COLEMAN, A. G. P. Agt.

YAZOO & MISS. VALLEY R. R.

Leave Jackson.....7:00

Arrive at Jackson.....7:15 p. m.

—Except Sunday.

L. F. MONTGOMERY, Tkt. Agt.

VICKSBURG & MERIDIAN R. R.

(Queen and Crescent Route.)

EASTWARD.

Leave Jackson.....2:45 p. m.

Arrive at Meridian.....6:30 p. m.

Freight leaves Jackson at 12:30 a. m.

and 10:30 p. m.

WEST BOUND.

Leaves Jackson.....10:50 a. m.

Arrive at Vicksburg.....12:40 p. m.

Freight leaves Jackson at 12:30 a. m.

and 4:35 p. m.

The Jackson accommodation leaves

Jackson at 7:00 a. m., and arrives at

Vicksburg at 9:00 a. m. Leaves Vicks-

burg at 7:40 p. m. and arrives at Jack-

son at 9:40 p. m.

M. S. BELKNAP, Supt.

I. HARDY, Com'l. Agt.

J. W. DEMING, Frt. & Pass. Agt.

MISSISSIPPI & TENNESSEE R. R.

GOING NORTH.

No. 1, Mail leave Grenada.....5:05 a. m.

No. 5, Freight ".....5:30 a. m.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 2, Mail leaves Memphis.....4:45 p. m.

No. 6, Freight ".....6:40 p. m.

MOBILE & OHIO RAILROAD.

DOUBLE DAILY TRAINS.

NORTH BOUND.

Leave Meridian.....4:30 and 7:00 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

Ar. at Meridian.....8:20 and 11:45 a. m.

Through Sleepers from Mobile to St.

Louis, and New Orleans via Colum-

bus.

Passengers to and from Mobile

change Sleepers (on same train) at Ar-

tesia.

C. J. WALLER, G. P. A.

LOUISVILLE, NEW ORLEANS &

TEXAS RAILROAD.

(Mississippi Valley Route.)

SOUTH BOUND.

Leaves Memphis at.....4:00 p. m.

Arrives at New Orleans.....1:00 a. m.

Ar. at New Orleans.....9:30 a. m.

NORTH BOUND.

Lv. New Orleans.....5:30 p. m.

" Vicksburg.....2:05 a. m.

Ar. at Memphis.....11:00 a. m.

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars on all

trains.

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burg & Meridian, and Vicksburg,

Shreveport & Pacific Railroads, and

Steamers on the Mississippi River, and

at Harrison with Natchez, Jackson &

Columbus Railroad.

A. J. KNAPP, Gen. Agt.

Memphis, Tenn.

NATCHEZ & JACKSON R. R.

GOING WEST.

Mail leave Jackson.....7:30 a. m.

Arrive at Natchez.....12:25 p. m.

Freight leaves Jackson at.....8:00 a. m.

GOING EAST.

Mail leave Natchez at.....3:45 p. m.

Arrives at Jackson.....9:00

Freight arrives at Jackson.....7:00

Passenger trains connect at Harris-

ton with the L. N. O. & T. R. R. for

Vicksburg and Memphis. Freight

trains run daily except Sunday.

G. R. GORDON, Agt.

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